UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

Duty to Civilization (*Part II*)

By FRANCIS NEILSON

India's Attempted Revolution Without Bloodshed

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

A Prayer for the Times

By JOHN ARCHER

Four New Novels

By HARRIETT T. COMSTOCK

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVII THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1921 Number 9

SUMMONS.

The eager night and the impetuous winds,
The hints and whispers of a thousand lures,
And all the swift persuasion of the Spring,
Surged from the stars and stone, and swept me on . . .

* * * * *

And then—veil upon veil was torn aside—
Stars, like a host of merry girls and boys,
Danced gaily 'round me, plucking at my hand;
The night, scorning its stubborn mystery,
Leaned down and pressed new courage in my heart;
The hermit-thrush, throbbing with more song,
Sang with a happy challenge to the skies;
Love and the faces of a world of children
Swept like a conquering army through my blood.
And Beauty, rising out of all its forms,
Beauty, the passion of the universe,
Flamed with its joy, a thing too great for tears,
And, like a wine, poured itself out for me
To drink of, to be warmed with, and to go
Refreshed and strengthened to the ceaseless fight;
To meet with confidence the cynic years;
Battling in wars that never can be won,
Seeking the lost cause and the brave defeat.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

It was a band of Negro singers, at a great gathering of colored people in Chicago. They were chanting the old folk melodies of their race—and among them was a song with the persistent refrain, "the light is a-comin'," "*the light is a-comin'.*" We thought, as we listened, of how that song had welled up out of the souls of the Negroes in their darkest days of oppression and misery,—slaves on the dark rice plantations of the South, owned body and soul by masters of an alien race, outraged in every dignity that becomes a man, visited by every sorrow that can weigh down and break the heart! And yet so buoyant was their courage, so indomitable their faith, that in all that darkness they could conceive and sing "the light is a-comin'," "*the light is a-comin'.*" It is a noble refrain—a refrain for the world to catch up in its misery this day, as assurance that all is not yet lost, that "light" will yet dawn upon the gross darkness which enshrouds the peoples of the earth. To believe in that "light," to watch for its "comin'," to *labor* for its "comin'"—this is more than half the battle. For where faith is, there is God; and where God is, there is victory! "Courage l'ami," cried the stout soldier in "The Cloister and the Hearth," whenever the road was long and dark, "Courage l'ami; le diable est mort."

On the principle of "small favors gratefully received," we suppose that we should be appropriately thankful for Mr. Harding's mention in his message of the lynching evil. After eight years of silence, it is something, after all, to have presidential recognition of the existence of the Negroes, and of one at least of the hideous injustices from which they suffer. Nor would we qualify in any way our praise of the President's characterization of lynching as "barbaric," and his demand that this "stain" be wiped "from the banners of a free and orderly representative democracy." What does Mr. Harding mean, however, by pointing to "the difficulties incident" to the presence of "millions of people of African descent . . . among our population," and emphasizing that this "is a condition which cannot be removed"? Is this an expression of regret that the Negroes cannot be exiled, annihilated, gotten rid of? Or is it an abject confession that, doomed to remain here forever, these Negroes must continue to endure the horrors of inequality and oppression now visited upon them, hoping for nothing more than such amelioration of conditions as "humane and enlightened consideration" may chance to provide? If this is President Harding's state of mind, he does not see very far into the heart of the problem. "People of African descent" in this country are either going to be placed on a plane of absolute equality with other peoples, or else there is going to be trouble which will make even the Civil War seem insignificant.

Amnesty Day (April 13) in Washington, although it did not bring immediate results, was not without its distinct encouragements. The President, for example, did not repeat his pre-election comparison between political offenders and yeggmen. On the contrary, he expressed his gratitude for being given the prisoners' side of the case, and made the extremely significant statement that there cannot be any general amnesty until after a state of peace has been formally declared. If this means anything, it means that, after the declaration of peace, the matter of amnesty will be very much in order. This is a tremendous gain in the situation. There is now a recognition of political offenders as a class of prisoners calling for separate consideration, a suggestion that the continued confinement of these prisoners has direct relation to the technical status of war, and a definite hope, therefore, that when this status is ended, as it will be by the passage of the Knox Resolution, the jail doors will be flung open. Nothing is more characteristic of Mr. Harding, and few things more worthy of praise, than his very manifest desire to re-establish in this country a genuine era of good feeling. A general amnesty would do

more to accomplish this end, especially among the liberal and radical groups among our citizens, than anything else of which we can think. Mercy, after all, never fails of its high mission of reconciliation!

One by one, the supporters of the League of Nations seem to be dropping away! Mr. H. G. Wells has long been a champion of the League, and he still regards it, in idea at least, as "a very notable and splendid project." He now confesses, however, that, as it has actually worked out in conjunction with the Treaty of Paris, "it is not nearly so practicable and reasonable a proposition as it looked at first." He believes that the work must be done over again if the world is to be united to the end of peace. Similar testimony appears in the current issue of *The Atlantic Monthly,* from the pen of Mr. Sisley Huddleston, a foremost English journalist who has given long and sympathetic study to the actual workings of the League since it was organized. After watching the long sessions at Geneva, he says:

> My carefully considered judgment is that at present the League is only a diplomatic maneuvering ground on which wheel and intrigue, in strategic formation, the representatives of the foreign offices of the world . . . which seek . . . the triumph of their own particularized policies. . .

It is needless to point out that this is exactly the description which was given by the radicals of this country and England at the time that the program of the League was first given to the world. What is happening is only what was definitely prophesied by those who saw in the League nothing but a conspiracy on the part of the Allies for the military and economic subjection of mankind. Mr. Lansing's opinion, already quoted in these columns, is of course the most impressive of all. This was a fitting accompaniment to Mr. Harding's final repudiation of the whole business in his message. It seems pathetic that, at the very time M. Viviani came to these shores to repair the shattered structure of the League of Nations, the whole business should come cracking and crashing to the ground. There is about as much chance of the League of Nations saving the world today as there was of "the wonderful one-hoss shay" carrying the Deacon to his journey's end after that fateful incident of "Lisbon earthquake day."

The National Security League feels great alarm over the recent organization in our colleges of the College Liberal League. And well it may!—for not in years have we seen anything more promising for truth and freedom than this great meeting at Harvard, attended by nearly five hundred students, which launched the new society. These young men and women were calm, brave, determined, inspired by an invincible passion to restore in American colleges those high ideals of liberty so largely sacrificed by the cowardice and blindness of their elders during the Great War. They asserted it their business to be acquainted with the surging movements of the outer world, to foster free discussion of opinion on controverted questions of the day, to bring into the college precincts, as interpreters and messengers, the leaders of clashing social interests without. To see this gathering of eager youth was to believe that our colleges would not always be the citadels of convention, and to hope that the next generation in America would produce an intellectual leadership in industrial reform comparable in some fair measure with the leadership which England offers today in a Wallas, a Cole, a Tawney, and a Laski. We know of nothing which is more needed in this country than radical opinion, moved and guided by the liberal spirit. Our colleges should furnish this combination —and they *will,* if the College Liberal League fulfills its present promise!

The charge that the churches belong to the capitalists, and are being used by them for selfish class purposes, is frequently enough made by radical agitators. Not often, however, is this confessed by representatives of conservative opinion. A recent sermon by Bishop Williams, of Michigan, however, preached in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, proved to be so hot a castigation of the industrial reactionaries of America, that the truth was blurted out by them without knowing it. Thus the *Wall Street Journal,* writhing under the Bishop's denunciation of the steel trust, the "open shop" campaign, the "red" hysteria, etc., asks exasperatedly, "Was it the Bolshevists or the business men who built and endowed the Cathedral of St. John the Divine?"

> There you hev it plain an' flat,

to quote James Russell Lowell's familiar line! It is the business men who own the church. They pay the piper, and therefore they have the right, have they not, to call the tune. Indeed, what could be more ridiculous than for men to pay large sums for the support of religion which gives aid and comfort to the dangerous classes of society! Of course, it may be argued that religion has something to do with mercy, justice, love for "the least of these, my brethren"—but this is beside the point. At bottom it is a plain, every-day, common-sense matter of getting what you pay for. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine was built by money, and it must be dedicated therefore to the interests of money. Anybody can see that—except a bishop of the stripe of Charles D. Williams!

The testimony of impartial outsiders is always to be regarded with respect. Hence, the importance to be attached to the recent utterances of Rabbi Joseph Silverman of Temple Emanu-El in New York City, on the present plight of the churches. Dr. Silverman is no radical—on the contrary, although the leader for

many years of a noted liberal synagogue, he is essentially conservative in temper and sober in utterance. Nevertheless, the spectacle of the Christian churches so appalls him that he speaks scathing indictment of the present institutions of Christianity. "Religion," he says, "has failed to accomplish the purpose for which it was created." This purpose, he pointed out, was of course the establishment of the brotherhood of man. This has not been fulfilled for the reason "that all religions have tried to make theology dominant." "Theology is the canker worm of humanity," says the Rabbi. "We must recognize that sectarianism is the cause of the world's distress today. There is only one cure for sectarianism and that is the substitution of liberalism of thought, liberalism of feeling and liberalism of action." This is an honest word, honestly spoken. We wish, however, that Dr. Silverman had presented a program for his substitution of liberalism for sectarianism. Like the majority of even our profoundest and most clear-sighted leaders, he offers nothing constructive. It is just here that the Community Church movement is to be commended. This at least is one way out; this is a one positive program for the organization of the spiritual forces of the world to the end of achieving the brotherhood of man. It may not be the perfect or final program, but until something better is offered, it should have the allegiance of right-minded men.

The demand for unity in religious thought and work is insistent. It cannot be downed even by those who are most devoted to their own particular denominational orders. Thus, at the recent annual meeting of the Council of Church Boards of Education, resolutions were passed providing that all matters of education undertaken by the Christian churches of America should be placed under the control of a central governing body. Eighteeen different denominations were represented at the sessions of this conference, and all joined heartily in this action looking toward unity in educational activities. Certainly it would seem as though in this field, if in no other, our Christian churches could succeed in working together. There is one body of Christian experience, one story of Christian history, one aim and purpose of Christian idealism. It is only in the dogmatic details of Christian belief that separation begins, and it is just with these matters that the minds of children should properly have nothing to do. If we can once learn to keep theological matters out of our Sunday Schools, we shall not find it difficult to carry out the plan proposed by this Council of Education. Perhaps it is through our children's needs, after all, that our competing churches will be brought together. If so, the result will be only one more illustration of the divine phrase, "a little child shall lead them."

Duty to Civilization

II.

It is not so difficult, after all, to understand what is really meant by the phrase "apologizing for Germany," when it comes from one whose mind was made up for him by war-propagandists; it is, however, exceedingly difficult to understand why a man of the intellectual standing of my critic should have been taken in so easily by the stupid persons who placed their patriotic pens at the service of the war-makers at Whitehall. One would expect a professor of political science to have a mind proof against the partisan nonsense poured daily into a paid press, a press specially organized (see the Congressional Record, February 9th, 1917) for the purpose of deluding the public not versed in foreign affairs, the public utterly ignorant of the workings of the European System. A professor of political science should have known as early as August 4th, 1914, that the figures for the military and naval expenditures of the Powers clearly revealed the peace strength and war-like intentions of the two groups of belligerents. Anyway, any intelligent English schoolboy knew that Great Britain always spent more on her army and navy than Germany did on hers, and only a very ignorant Tory working-man would have thought Germany spent more per head of the population on her army and navy than did France. The combined cost of the armies and navies of the five principal Powers for 1914 was as follows:

Great Britain	£ 80,430,000	Germany	£59,034,770
Russia	105,955,980	Austro-Hungary	24,992,000
France	81,065,967		
	£267,451,947		£84,026,770

A month before the Archduke was shot the situation was so satisfactory to the mind of Sazonov, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, that he told the Duma, "the establishment of a sound friendship between France and Great Britain and also between Great Britain and Russia had brought Great Britain within the sphere of political communion previously existing between Russia and France."

Is one guilty of "discrediting Great Britain" when such facts as these are published? Perhaps I may seem rather dense when I admit I cannot understand what my critic refers to when he accuses me of "discrediting Great Britain." Does he mean I have been guilty of discrediting the British statesmen who made secret military and naval alliances with France, Belgium and Russia, the men who plunged the nation into war, blundered through it, and made a peace far worse than war? If that be the case, then how on earth can one discredit what is utterly discredited? That would be a work of supererogation; anyway, I am not particularly interested in discrediting any European statesman; all I wish to do is to get at the

truth of the terrible matter and if the truth strikes an idol of the war propagandists, it cannot be helped. Why I, of all people engaged in the work of discovering the origins of the war, should at so late a day be accused of "apologizing for Germany" and "discrediting Great Britain" is a mystery. My position was made perfectly clear to the American public in November, 1915, when my book "How Diplomats Make War" was published; moreover, I have spoken on this subject at hundreds of meetings during the past five years. I have never suppressed any convictions.

If I am guilty of "discrediting Great Britain" what must be said of dozens of British authors who have "apologized for Great Britain" and discredited every British statesman who had anything to do with the war? Some of the statesmen have gone to the trouble of discrediting themselves, just as if they were laboring under the delusion that others would not do it. Lord Haldane and Mr. Asquith are instances of this procedure. Haldane was privy to the secret understanding with France, and he organized the British Expeditionary Force, the finest army that ever left the shores of Britain to fight another people's battles. In his book, "Before the War," Haldane says: "The reason why the war came appears to have been that at some period in the year 1913 the German Government finally laid the reins on the necks of *men whom up to then it had held in restraint;* the decision appears to have been allowed at this point to pass from civilians to soldiers. *I do not believe that even then the German Government as a whole intended deliberately to invoke the frightful consequences of actual war, even if it seemed likely to be victorious.*" (Italics mine.)

That from the British Minister for War, gives the lie direct to the popular notion that Germany planned for forty years for this war and deliberately plunged Europe into blood. In 1912, Lord Haldane visited Berlin, and of that visit Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons on July 25th, said: "Our relations with the great German Empire are, I am glad to say, at this moment, and I feel sure, are likely to remain, relations of amity and good-will." Such was the Prime Minister's version of the Haldane mission to Berlin, but in October, 1914, two months after the war began, Asquith invented another version, and said: "They (the German Government) wanted us to pledge ourselves absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war." It is quite plain both versions could not be correct. Nevertheless, Lord Haldane on January 15, 1914, six months before Europe was engulfed in the horror of the centuries said:

> "During the eight years in which the Government had been in office, the peace of Europe had been preserved. The Great Powers had grouped themselves; the piling up of armaments had gone on; we had increased our armaments and Europe was an armed camp, but an armed camp in which peace not only prevailed but in which the indications were that there was a far greater prospect of peace than there ever was before. No one wanted war. If armaments were piled up it was not for aggression but for fear. . . . It was with pleasure that he (Haldane) thought of the great power for good of the two statesmen in Europe, Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey. These two had worked for all they were worth, and we had seen the fruits of it during a period of great anxiety and crisis, when probably without the group system we might have had a conflagration in Europe."

Think of it! No one wanted war on January 15, 1914, and according to Lloyd George no one wanted war on August 1, 1914. What really happened in 1912 is revealed in Sazonov's letters to the Czar. He reported that Sir Edward Grey had told him that, in the event of Germany aiding Austria, Russia could rely on Great Britain to "stake everything in order to inflict the most serious blow to German power." In this report Sazonov told the Czar that "England promised to support France on land by sending an expedition of 100,000 to the Belgian border to repel the invasion of France by the German army through Belgium, expected by the French General Staff." As early as 1908, Lord Fisher wrote to King Edward saying: "Russia and Turkey are the two Powers, and the only two Powers that matter to us as against Germany, and that we have eventually to fight Germany is just as sure as anything can be." Fisher described the situation in 1908: "The concentration of our whole naval strength in the decisive theatre of the war, in northern waters, which was so unostentatiously carried out that it was only Admiral Mahan's article in *The Scientific American* that drew attention to the fact when he said that 88 percent of England's guns were pointed at Germany."

So the matter of discrediting British statesmen may be left to themselves; both Lloyd George and Churchill being quite competent for any business of that kind. Small wonder the head of the British Treasury, Lord Welby, declared, "We are in the hands of an organization of crooks. They are politicians, generals, manufacturers of armaments, and journalists."

Taking a backward glance over the literature published in England during the war, I see many tributes paid to and diatribes showered on British statesmen for the parts they played in the catastrophe. As early as May, 1915, *The Candid Quarterly* said:

> "The story in brief is one of action—hidden from all and especially from the Cabinet, secretly taken by the three (Asquith, Grey, and Haldane), from 1906 to 1911 and bringing England to un-

avoidable war in 1914. The Three had all the time been preparing for the war, which they believed was so probable that it needed a detailed plan of operations beforehand, yet all the time concealing all from their confidential colleagues in the Cabinet. The point and the appalling significance of the story lie in the proof it affords that we live under a political system which leaves the greatest of all issues in the absolutely uncontrolled hands of one, or two, or three, acting secretly and without the knowledge of what they are doing being shared by any of those on whom the real burden must fall, or even by their own most confidential and trusting colleagues. For the Wisdom of the many we have substituted the Conspiracy of the few."

This is to the point. But what are the devout Americans who have been educated by war-propagandists doing to help England to restore the wisdom of the many and put an end, once for all, to the conspiracies of the few? Another specimen of British candor, but of quite a different brand, is from *The Referee* of Sunday, August 9, 1914:

"A fortnight before the Servian coup . . . Italy was told there was going to be a storm. . . . The English ambassador got the tip. Hence the assembly of the whole Fleet for inspection by the King. . . . England, thanks to Mr. Churchill, begins the war at *her* selected moment, not at the chosen moment of the Mad Dog of Europe."

This statement made by Mr. Arnold White, an exceedingly well-informed naval correspondent, is corroborated by Sir Henry Lucy, who cabled to the New York *Evening Sun* saying: "Mobilization of the fleet before the war upon the innocent pretext of an expected visit from the King was a clever strategy that found the grand fleet opportunely in the North Sea when a few days later war was declared, with the result of bottling up the German fleet in the helpless condition in which it remains to this day." Furthermore, the statement is substantiated by Mr. F. S. Oliver, the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," who describes the scene which took place between Lord Fisher and Churchill when the former had his way in starting the war he had planned, according to his prediction in 1905, to take place in August, 1914. "Thus was England saved, and Germany doomed," says the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." "Before war was declared the British fleet held the seas and in command of that fleet was the quickest working brain in the navy."

Perhaps no set of people has been so guilty of "discrediting Great Britain" as the American tribe of sentimentalists who underrate the war genius and capacity of British statesmen and militarists, by insisting that, in the political and diplomatic game of making war, the Germans outwitted the Allies. It has always been an affront to those Britishers who are skilled in the workings of the European system to hear Americans attribute to Germans high political and diplomatic qualities of which the Anglo-Saxon rulers in "the tight little isle" have a monopoly.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Fools These Mortals Be!

To the Editor:

Here is a strange situation! The most advanced nations (to take our own opinion of ourselves) are still only emerging from the great war, which we had not the sense or religion to prevent. We have not yet sense or religion enough to know how to make peace. We need desperately to get down to business and to knit the lines of industry and trade. But we—not we the peoples, but our governments—go on glaring at our late enemies, as if we had been commanded by the Almighty to exact punishment from them. Meantime, the wheels of the world stand idle, while we wait to find out how to collect the last penny of the German indemnity, without gorging ourselves to death in the process.

These former enemies only a few years ago were quite friendly, much like ourselves, and immensely profitable customers. We must begin—the sooner the better—to treat them as human beings. No other relation will work. And yet we insist on their telling an obvious lie, namely, that they are solely to blame for the war. Even Mr. Lloyd George has disavowed this. But we expect a mighty nation to serve as a scapegoat for the sins of the world and to beg pardon of us. No nation ever did this for its own sins, not even the United States nor virtuous England. We hold Germany by the throat, and, like the cruel creditor in the parable, say, "Pay what thou owest." France is trying now to engage us to continue in this inhuman business. And we stand off and wonder why prosperity does not at once return to a people who deserve so well of their Creator; many wonder why Socialists or Bolshevists presume to doubt the competence of the enterprising class who have always run the government, and so far have always proclaimed the necessity of an occasional war.

What, finally, is the famous and powerful Red Cross Society doing in this tremendous crisis? It was organized to heal the distresses of the world. It does not for a moment ask how to put an end to the bloody system that slaughters and starves by the million, but it sits thinking out twopenny rules to control the methods of slaughter in future wars!

Sometimes I think we shall never have peace again, unless, as good Bishop Nicholai said the other day, we get religion in our hearts; and, again, I think we might do something if only we would use a little humor and a grain of common sense. More likely, we must get at least a little religion, in order to lay hold on enough saving humor and sense to see our own dearest interests in the light of our common humanity.

—*Charles F. Dole.*

CONTRIBUTED

India's Attempted Revolution Without Bloodshed

Probably the most remarkable movement that the world ever saw, aiming to effect a great political revolution without bloodshed,—to win, for a long-suffering subject people, freedom from an unjust foreign rule, without war,—is now being carried on in India.

India's condition under foreign rule has become simply unbearable. More than a century and a half ago she was conquered piecemeal by Great Britain, because Britain wanted her wealth, and possessed more powerful arms than she. As soon as conquered she was disarmed, and British military garrisons were placed at all strategic points in the land. Thus for 160 years she has been held in subjection by the sword.

Meanwhile, for the enrichment of her conquerors, she has been industrially and financially bled and bled and bled, until from being a very rich nation, one of the richest in the world, she has been reduced to the point where she is now probably the very poorest civilized nation on the earth; so that, according to British authorities themselves, from forty to sixty millions of her people never know from the year's beginning to its end, what it is to have a full meal. Although her civilization is one of the oldest in the world, and although her people are intellectually and morally little or any inferior to the British, she is not allowed to make or alter a single law under which she is compelled to live, or to control the expenditure of a single rupee of her national revenue. And although her people plead constantly for schools and education, they are kept in a shocking condition of illiteracy.

Year after year, decade after decade and generation after generation, the Indian people have been petitioning their rulers for justice, for freedom, for the right to shape their own national life, and be men. But their petitions have been no more heeded than if they had been inhabitants of the moon.

Since the Great War, partly as the result of the return of those who survived, of the more than a million men sent to aid the Allies, India is waking up, and demanding her rights—determined no longer to remain simply a nation of helots, of slaves, of hewers of wood and drawers of water for foreign oppressors.

What does she propose to do? Probably she could not if she would (disarmed as she is) throw off her foreign yoke by force. But she prefers not to use force. She abhors bloodshed. Has she no other resource? She believes she has. She has always been preëminently a peace-loving nation. She believes that peaceful agencies in the end are stronger than those of war. She believes that in the end right is might. She has determined, therefore, upon a bloodless revolution. She will win her rights; she will compel England to grant them. How? Not by violence; not by indulging in even a single act of violence; but by *"non-coöperation"* with her foreign rulers, and by *suffering*. The government cannot go on a week without the aid of the Indian people; the English cannot do business of any kind, or even live in India, without the aid of the Indian people. The Indian people propose peacefully but resolutely to strike against their foreign masters—refusing to coöperate with them in anything, or to aid them in anything until their rights are granted; and they propose to suffer, without retaliation or revenge, the penalties visited upon them, however heavy they may be. Of course, they know that the government which has not scrupled in all the past to hold them in subjection by force, and to meet every sign of insubordination with arrest, imprisonment, hanging and shooting, will not hesitate now to resort to the extremest measures to break their resolve to be free. They know that not only the strongest possible police forces, but also the army with all its enginery of machine guns and bombs and martial law, will be employed to thwart their purpose and compel them to submit to their masters.

What will be the result? Can right win against might under such conditions? Will it be possible for the Indian people to hold out against the mighty power of England? Already arrests and imprisonments are multiplying, and the iron hand of power is being felt with increasing severity. A government which in the city of Amritsar, less than two years ago, did not hesitate to shoot to death five hundred unarmed men, women and children, and wound two thousand more, on the entirely unfounded suspicion of a disloyalist plot,—will such a government hesitate at anything? We may be certain that blood will flow in streams if the people hold out. Will they hold out? Can they? When they are goaded to frenzy, will they not strike back? Can they endure and suffer, and suffer and endure, without retaliation? The experiment is one of the most striking, startling, shall we not say heartening, that the modern world has ever witnessed.

The leader in this remarkable movement of the Indian people to cast off a hated yoke and win freedom by peaceful means, by a strike without violence and by voluntary endurance of suffering, is Mr. M. K. Gandhi—not a warrior, of course; hardly a statesman, although he has shown some statesmanlike qualities in years past; but above all else, a saint—a man revered by all India as one of the saintliest characters it has ever produced. Mr. Gandhi has enormous influence. His word everywhere is:

> We must have no bloodshed. We have a right to our liberty; it is dearer to us than life; we will obtain it or die. But we will do no wrong; we will not kill; we will not harm our oppressors; we will not even hate them; but we will not coöperate with them in any way, in their work of tyranny and wrong, in their work of carrying on an unjust government in this country which does not belong to them; and thus we will compel them to give us our rights and our freedom.

In a recent article published in his paper, *Young India,* Mr. Gandhi says:

> Let not our rock be violence and deviltry. Our rock must be non-violence and godliness. The success of our movement depends upon our ability to control all the forces of violence on our side. I do not plead for India to practice non-violence because she is weak. I want her to practice non-violence, being conscious of her strength and power. I want India to realize that she has a soul which cannot perish and which can rise triumphant over every physical weakness and defy the physical might of the whole world. If India takes up the doctrine of the sword she may gain momentary victory; but she will then cease to be the pride of my heart. I believe she has a mission for the world—to teach mankind the power of the soul, the power of non-violence, the power of right, holding no sword or bayonet in her hand. My life is dedicated to the service of India through the religion of non-violence, which, I believe, is the root of true Hinduism. Non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil doer, but it means putting one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire. I do not believe

India to be helpless. Let us in India realize that 100,000 Englishmen need not frighten 300,000,000 of human beings standing as we do on our own soil and having justice on our side.

I am sorry to say that only a few of the Christian missionaries in India side with Mr. Gandhi, or with the Indian people, in their struggle for freedom. Most side with the government, on which they are dependent for favors; just as in this country in the days of slavery, so many Christians sided with the slaveholders, and just as in all times of war so many Christians side with the powers that control the armies and the navies.

A few Christians in India, however, take the side of the people, of freedom to be obtained by non-violence, and of Mr. Gandhi. One of these is the Rev. C. F. Andrews, a very able, widely known and widely honored missionary connected with the Church of England Mission in Delhi. Mr. Andrews pleads as strongly for freedom and self rule for India as does Mr. Gandhi, and he also pleads as strongly with the Indian people, to determine to obtain these by peaceful means. In a recent Indian paper, Mr. Andrews writes:

India will not be the India of my dearest religious hopes on earth if in her great struggle for freedom she turns from the path of love and peace, to follow the paths of bloodshed and violence, the pathway of the sword. It has been the one dream that has sustained me, all through these hideous years of blood-stained war and no less blood-stained peace, that India may show to Europe the true and living picture of Christ; that India may show to the world, in act and deeds of love, what the Sermon on the Mount really means. For Europe has of late lost sight of the figure of Christ, my Master. In a recent Indian magazine there is a very wonderful poem, published by one whom I revere, Satyendra Dutt. He wrote it on Christmas day—the day of peace and good will—to the effect: "There is no room for Christ in Europe today. Come, O Lord, Christ, come to India. Take thy stand in Asia, in the country of Buddha, of Sakya, Kabir, Nanak, Nitai, and Sanak." If this great and pure movement which Mahatma Gandhi has begun only ends in violence and bloodshed, if this great and pure movement does not win by suffering and suffering alone, then my dearest religious hopes will have been in vain. But I still believe with all my heart and soul, that the people of India are gentle and humane, as no other people. I still believe that the religious message of the Buddha, Kabir and Nanak, and a thousand others—the message of my own Master, Christ—is still a living message in India today.

O, India, keep to that pure and true independence, the independence of the soul, the independence of the soul that wins by suffering and by loving service. Then there will come to mankind a new power of peace and good will on earth.

This extraordinary, this wonderful movement, which the people of India are undertaking, to carry on a great political revolution and win their freedom in Christ's way and not in Cæsar's, by non-violence, not by violence, by suffering and being killed if need be, but not by killing, by the power of reason and right and the soul, and not by swords and bombs—this wonderful movement is one which every lover of peace and freedom and justice in the world, and especially which every believer in the religion of Jesus Christ in the world, should watch with the greatest possible interest, and the deepest possible sympathy.

Does the movement mean that India, despised India, "heathen" India, is going to teach Christendom what real Christianity is? Does it mean that India is going to show to the world that the religion of Jesus, as set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, is *practical statesmanship* and the *only* practical statesmanship, and that when the so-called Christian nations accept the real religion of Jesus and put it in practice, and not before, will wars and tyrannies and bloody revolutions cease, and we shall at last have freedom and justice and peace on the earth?

New York. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

An Autobiography of a Liberal Ministry

By Arthur M. Judy

II

PART TWO OF CHAPTER ONE. AT HARVARD.

My predisposition to receive eagerly the teaching at the Harvard Divinity School was strengthened by the spirit I found prevailing there, which was best summed up in the saying of dear Dr. Everett: "Infallibility is neither my forte nor my foible." I found honest questioning held in such respect in his gentle and profound mind that every hour of his teaching left me eager for the next hour.

I did not realize in what esteem the good Doctor held my eager questioning until some years after graduation, when he startled me when I was dining at his house by asking, "Mr. Judy, do you know that I am always holding you up to my classes as a model student?" Being painfully unaware of any merit upon which I could have claim to such an honor, I gasped, "But Dr. Everett, how can that possibly be?" He replied, "Well, you had the habit of holding up your finger and breaking in upon what I was saying with the question, 'But, Dr. Everett, how could that possibly be'?" "And that," continued the Doctor, "I used to say to my classes, I regard as the model attitude of the student toward his teacher."

Think of a man who was esteemed *facile princeps* in the Harvard philosophic faculty of his day, turning so generously attentive an ear to the crass questions of half-baked thumbers of philosophic text-books!

I cannot wonder that under the "sweetness and light" of such a patient teacher the obsessions made against my religious nature by the agnosticism of the self-elected masters of my earlier reading was sufficiently relaxed to enable me to say when I left Harvard, that to my thinking the philosophic scales tipped to the side of a spiritual, not a material interpretation of the universe.

Dear William C. Gannett thought this conclusion a scant equipment with which to start upon the high calling of the ministry. Had it in reality been all the equipment with which I started it might have been unequal to the task I was undertaking, though as I conceived the expression I have used, it had, for a studious nature, the promise and potency of rich religious development. For to believe that all philosophic searching will lead to deeper and deeper soundings of the Spirit, is not that a faith to fit a man to enter the ministry with fearless eagerness? And so, I believe, I may in humility say, I entered it.

But in our moment of conversation on the topic, it is more than likely that neither Mr. Gannett nor myself bethought ourselves, that in addition to what may be named a philosophic equipment for the ministry, I may also have had what I have indicated as the poetic, by which I mean the religiousness which can be touched into vitality by the eloquent spirituality of a Wordsworth or an Ecclesiastes. Such eloquence seems to me not argument for religion but religion itself, and when it came to "deep answering unto deep"

in this sense, I feel that I never was in lack. How else could I have cherished so sincerely Mr. Gannett's own poems? And this distinction between the poetic and philosophic equipment of the preacher is warranted, as I hope to show, by my maturest reasoning upon the nature of religion.

To quit the theme of my religious growth at Harvard and in Boston with the scant references to it which I have so far made, would be to give its history most inadequately.

While I could never concern myself keenly with textual criticism as expounded by Drs. Toy and Abbot, I could be deeply impressed by the type and quality of their scholarliness and of their rare manliness. Philosophically, I was more carried along by Dr. Toy's advocacy of "Higher Criticism" than by Dr. Abbot's stout defense of the Johanine authorship, but looked at as honest men laboring sedulously in the pursuit of truth, they seemed to me two strong comrades who were equally admirable.

Nor should I fail to acknowledge before dismissing too briefly my course of study at Harvard, that I esteemed Dr. Everett's lectures upon *Comparative Religions* as among the most illumining and abidingly influential of all the instruction received at the Divinity School.

Yet I am not certain but the course of reading I got set upon by Prof. Allen deserves to rank among the most abidingly influential of my Harvard experiences, though it lay outside of the prescribed work, and that was the perusal I gave for long weeks to Greenwood's *Cathedra Petrie,* the classical exposition by an English barrister of the huge struggle of the papacy to establish temporal sway over the Christian world.

The dust-covered pages of those dozen or more dignified volumes must have shaken with astonishment as they felt my knife breaking in on their uncut quietude of long years. In that reading, strange as it may sound, I laid to heart principles of ecclesiastical polity, which I have had ample occasion to use in the apparently insignificant events of our Unitarian church building in Iowa.

If Henry James could confess to Agnes Repplier that "the least significant footnote of history stirs me more than the most thrilling and passionate fiction," I have a distinguished exemplar in holding that no fiction I ever read moved me as I was moved by Greenwood's narration of the mighty struggle the Freds I and II waged with the Popes Hildebrand and Innocent for the primacy of the world temporal.

Some of the impressive passages in which Greenwood portrayed the ease with which the Early Church slipped from the democracy of the laity into the dictatorship of the clergy, impelled me in all the years of my work for our churches and conferences to involve into the most fundamental articles of their constitution the preponderate authority of the laity.

As I believe our Unitarian movement is based on principles which make possible the only truly republican polity, I looked upon this precaution as one of the most far-sighted and statesmanlike service I ever rendered the denomination.

While Prof. Allen's treatment of Christian history may have lacked somewhat in the technicalities of learning dear to the dry-as-dusts, it had a way of going at the heart of the matter that makes his books inspiring reading to this day. I surely owe him much for quickening my love of history under its more philosophic aspects. I shall always remember him as a man thoroughly liberal in spirit.

As a close-knit reasoner and a man eminent both for sobriety and refinement of judgment and exposition, I cherish not only the year's tuition I was blessed with under Prof. Francis Peabody at Harvard, but equally the influence of the lectures I heard from him at Antioch and the addresses of his I listened to in and about Boston. I can but think of him as a fine exponent of the best type of cultured Unitarian piety.

I listened with an amused smile, if not always with credulous ears, to Prof. Howison's short course of lectures on Greek philosophy; with very respectful if not always with deeply impressed attention to Prof. Bowmen's more old-fashioned, as it seemed to me then, philosophizing; but to Dr. William James' fascinatingly informal talks, with the consciousness that I was getting some of the latest gleams of that light "which is ever to break in on the minds of men." These last named courses were given in the collegiate department of the University. My only regret is that I stuck so closely to the culture-last to which I had set my hand in particular, that I did not give more time to the noble opportunity for the broadest enlightenment which Harvard spread out with lavish generosity before the students in all her departments. One little strike for that broader enlightenment, I did make, when in spite of being compelled by my tasks to take them by proxy, I succeeded in getting the notes of Prof. Norton's lectures on architecture.

However vastly great the culture conveyed to the eager mind by the lectures of a University, how great is the culture the student breathes in from the daily goings and comings of the university day! One such day must remain to me unforgetable—the evening of the day I heard the first Greek play rendered in the original by the students and faculty of Harvard. I listened to this play with especial interest because our cosmopolitan Divinity School man, Mr. Henry Norman, took one of the leading parts. As a means of arousing an intelligent and abiding love of Greek culture, I can conceive no form of instruction comparable to the rendition of plays in the original as the Oedipus was rendered that evening. Though but slightly versed in Greek, I gathered an impulse from the rendition that made me no inapt reader when, in later years, I came to take up the study of the great Greek poets under the inspiration of Dr. Jebb's essays and the aid of such translators as Prof. Butcher, Lang and Plumptre.

One stirring event which I missed in the very last days of my residence in Cambridge was the hearing of Wendell Phillips in his ever memorable Phi Beta Kappa oration of 1881. As one of the Proctors of the university, I allowed myself to be beguiled by the much needed Proctor's fee to substitute for a colleague in that honorable office who had a truer sense of values than I.

I ought not to fail to mention the impression which the manners prevalent at Harvard made upon me. There was first the difference of form, which is observable always between city and village; in this respect I felt the great advantage of the city-like Cambridge manner over the village-like manner I had been accustomed to at Antioch. School-men enjoy a license to boisterousness issuing from time immemorial. One of the strongest impressions as well as one of the greatest delights I first received at the school was that

Harvard men availed themselves of this license to a less degree than I had been accustomed to, at least as to outward manner, if not as to essential gentlemanliness, and the influence of that realization to my betterment never left me.

But high above the gentlemanliness which the undergraduate wears as good form, is the gentle manner which is expressive of the highest attainment in manhood. A sight of the latter type of gentleness came to me in my senior year. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered the next to his last public address before our class at the home of Dean Everett, whither the class and a few Cambridge friends had been invited.

Mr. Emerson, in speaking, stood by a slight reading desk beside a tall lamp, with his daughter, Miss Ellen, sitting a little in the rear alert to render the service that had become necessary when moments of confusion about his manuscript came over the failing sage.

The personality of the man so absorbed my attention that I could not give close heed to the substance of his address. If George Eliot could exclaim after Emerson's visit to her, "I have seen a man for the first time," it was surely meet for us young men of Divinity '81 to be wholly taken up with the surpassing manhood which stood before us that evening.

Later in the evening, when the collation had drawn most of the company to the dining tables, an ideally beautiful young woman came up to greet Mr. Emerson. I chanced to be standing where scraps of the conversation reached me. The charming girl made herself known as the daughter of an old-time friend of the sage. As he heard who her mother was and held the throbbing hand in greeting, his comparatively tall form bent over the lovely girl one of the sublimest expressions of joy it is possible for a supreme type of the human face to reach. Adequately portrayed I would accept that scene as America's highest contribution to the art of the world.

Such a scene was more than an admonition to virtue, it was enthrallment to excellence. When an undergraduate is sensitive to such scenes as these when they are presented in varying degree at a great university, he has been a college man to some purpose.

That blessed evening I refer to, when in addition to the scene of the wisdom of the sage bending in rapture over the beauty of innocence, I had the joy of gazing upon the scene when two of the finest forces which have entered into the refinement of America mingled their smiles of gladness; when the superbly beautiful friendship of Longfellow and Emerson was to receive, if not its very last, almost its last expression amid the airs of earth. What a benediction upon the closing year of my college life!

In listing instances of the way I was affected by great personalities during my stay in the East, I must by no means omit that of President Charles Eliot. I saw him seldom, but it seems not too much to say, in figuring the omnipresence of his character, that the very trees of the campus seemed to bow in awe of his dignity: the very whispers of university talk seemed to carry intimations of his wise strength.

Once when I was proctoring in Sever's Hall, I was strongly impressed with the forthright way, as he entered the room, he stepped to a fresh air register to test its efficacy by holding a handkerchief against the grating; once later in life I noted the way he ate an orange as he sat opposite me in a hotel dining-room. In both these acts there was shown a deft preciseness that spoke volumes in explanation of the vast power he has wielded in the educational and civic life of America. Whether by the presence of his personality or the rumor thereof, always he has been a force which keyed me to better things.

During the later period of my undergraduate life at Antioch College, Rev. Edward Everett Hale was acting President of the college, where he had been for years a moving tower. An acquaintance begun there was happily continued after I matriculated at Harvard, leading to my being called as a teacher in his Sunday School for two years and bringing me invitations to visit him in his Roxbury home. In telling my companions of my first visit, I remember I remarked upon the gracious skill Dr. Hale exercised to bring the conversation to a subject upon which I would not play the embarrassed fool. Once when I was seated at his dinner table around which was wreathed a crown of sons that did honor to the home, Mrs. Hale excused herself with the remark that she used the hour immediately after dinner to read Scott aloud to all her boys in turn. Who, one can but wonder, knew her Scott as Mrs. Hale must have known hers.

I was favored with an invitation to dine at Dr. Hedge's. I am very glad I had this opportunity to come into intimate touch with the Doctor's sturdy personality. It seems to me his literary style was peculiarly expressive of his personality—brimmed with succinct meaning.

I had come too late to Harvard to sit under his instruction, which loss has occasioned me lasting regret, but I account his writings as one of the distinct factors in carrying me over to the side of the spiritual in settling on a life philosophy.

The Doctor so enjoyed telling a story that evening from Revolutionary days, that it seems to me worth while to repeat the story as a sample of what passed current among the dons of our Western Cambridge. Encountering pickled olives for the first time in his tempestuous life, Gen. Israel Putnam, when at the height of his fame, inserted a whole olive into his mouth. After a few frantic struggles, the General turned to his hostess and exclaimed, "Madame, may I be permitted to take this d—— thing out of my mouth?"

I must not quit my Harvard days without reference to the influence exerted upon me by the spiritual life of Boston and Cambridge at large. I possess no gifts adequate to measure and describe that influence, but I am certain it must have been very great.

Although accustomed at Antioch to dignified and scholarly preaching, the harm wrought upon my opinion of the church by raucous revivalism still needed to be undone by church ministrations of the highest order. That need Boston preaching admirably cared for.

Both Phillips Brooks and George A. Gordon were then at the zenith of their power, in addition to such Unitarians as James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, Cyrus Bartol, the elder and younger Peabody, Andrew and Francis; not to mention the younger men like John Graham Brooks, Charles F. Dole.

Moreover, I was privileged more than once to hear such great laymen as George William Curtis, Governor Long and others.

For a young mind fairly well steeped by that time in collegiate disciplines, it is fair to suppose that the effect of three years of such spiritual discourse upon my

formative thoughts and emotions must have benefited me to a very large extent and in the highest degree. To this extent, at least, that I was henceforth evermore effectually safeguarded against being swept off my feet by any raw assaults of agnosticism or atheism. I left the East securely fixed on the side of a constructive spiritual teaching, however radical that teaching might turn out to be.

SELECTED

A Prayer for the Times

Our Father, who art in Heaven.

In thus addressing Thee, suffer us, we pray Thee, never to forget that Thou art equally the Father of all other men. Thus when we claim the rights of our own Sonship in Thy Fatherhood, may no act of ours be a denial of the equal rights and privileges of the Sonship of all other men.

Hallowed be Thy name.

Enable us to realize that we can only truly Hallow Thy Name by acquiring a full knowledge of Thy laws and purposes, and observing the same in all our thoughts and actions, so that when we further pray

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth.

We may ever be conscious that Thou hast chosen to establish Thy Kingdom on earth by human agencies. If therefore *we* are to co-operate with Thee in establishing Thy Kingdom on earth, grant unto us clearly to see the necessity of pulling down all the barriers and removing all the obstacles which stand in the way of *our* carrying out Thy purposes and of *our* fulfilling Thy plannings. For, in *our* ignorance and selfishness, *we* have not only thwarted Thee by our sinful habits, but *we* have also given our sanction to the violation of Thy eternal laws, and to the setting aside of Thy truth through the operation of the Statute Laws of our country. We would ever therefore remember that until *we* remove those statutes which do so violate Thine eternal laws, and which set at nought Thy truth, our offering of this prayer is a vain and empty petition.

Give us this day our daily bread.

May we never mock Thee by offering this petition unless we are prepared to comply with the condition which Thou hast imposed. Thou hast ordained that all men shall eat bread in the sweat of their own brows—not somebody else's. Thou hast decreed that man's succor and sustenance shall only be obtainable by the application of man's labor to that bounty which Thou Thyself hast provided equally for all Thy children. When therefore we eat bread which comes to us through the toil of others, without our rendering our fellow-men an equivalent service in return, we are violating the command Thou gavest unto all men in the words, "Thou shalt not steal," and we have no excuse in Thy sight because we enjoy a man-made legal power to so violate Thy command, for Thou canst never fall short or go beyond Thine own laws and commands in Thy dealings with Thy children.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

May the terrible import of what we ask strike inwardly, cleansing our souls and clarifying our vision. For we have preached unto others the expediency of principle and the might of right, but we ourselves have practiced the expediency of opportunism and of compromise. We have acquiesced in the general acceptance of a social morality, whereby our social fabric has been established, which adopts as the basis of our social life the principle that might is right. We preach that Thou art equally the Father of all men, and that consequently all men are equally Thy children, and, being equally Thy children, we are all equally co-heirs of Thy Providence. But since Thy Providence in meeting all the physical and material necessities of mankind is wholly embraced in land, and by our laws and statutes land has become the private property of a chosen few, men have thereby placed upon our Statute Books the foulest of all the blasphemies which are recorded against Thee in the whole chronicles of mankind. For though by our mouth we proclaim Thee as the common Father of men, the laws of men (in effect) hold Thee up to humanity's vision as the Father of a small legitimate family, and these children have been given the sole right to hold and control Thy material estate. To all who are outside that privileged family circle the laws of men (in effect) deliver the message: "Ye are the bastard sons of God, and ye are beyond the pale of His Providence in meeting your physical and material necessities, save through the grace and by the permission of his legitimate children—a grace and permission they may condescendingly bestow for annual tribute (which the favored ones themselves shall fix) in the shape of annual ground rents." Give, therefore, we pray Thee, vision to our sightless eyes, and unstop our ears, so that we may hear the message of Thy truth and recognize the principles of Thy laws, and be led thereby to cease our own trespassings, in order that Thy love may reside in our hearts, and residing in our hearts enable us to forgive the trespasses of others against ourselves.

Lead us not into temptation

by saving us from the control of the double-barrelled conscience which governs our life today. For our conscience demands that our personal habits and our individual relationships with our fellow-men shall be controlled and regulated by a Christian morality. But in our civic and corporate life our conscience has sanctioned a social morality which is not only contrary to Thy law, but which prevents Thy justice from exercising its beneficent influences in the world of Thine own creation and which Thou hast made our abiding place. This contrariness of our conscience has led us to sanction as politically right that which Thou hast decreed to be morally wrong. By its mistaken guidance we have set aside the law of liberty, and we have rendered to Cæsar the tribute which belongs to Thee. Thus we have established our civilization upon the basic foundations that might is the supreme right in the use and control of Thy material gifts to the children of men,

But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the power.

By making our hearts and minds more receptive to a nobler wisdom, a purer justice and a loftier morality. Exercise Thy power by cleansing our hearts of all evil. Send forth into our minds the light of Thy truth, so that through us Thy truth may illumine the darkness of other men's minds. So guide us that we may not only have the desire but also the power of waging unceasing and relentless warfare upon all man's inhumanity to man which enjoys the sanction of the law. Now when the soul of humanity is bruised and battered, and the whole of woman's motherhood is stricken dumb with anguish which defies articulation, through the failure of Christendom in its guardianship of Thy truth, we would pray for a reconsecration of our hearts to the cause of liberty and justice. For only by obedience to the behests of justice, and only by our fidelity to the perfect law of liberty, shall we destroy the evils which encompass mankind. So guide us that our lives may not only by the cleanliness and the purity of our personal habits, but by our mental attitude also reveal that through right thinking we have come to see the grandeur and majesty of right doing to such purpose, that our laws shall henceforward dispense justice, and our social life shall so symbolize liberty as to reveal and make possible that universal brotherhood of man which shall forever banish war and establish Thy Peace in the earth. For when

These things shall be; a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

And Thy glory, thus manifested, shall cover and fill the earth. AMEN.

Huddersfield, England. *John Archer.*

CONSOLATION.

I sense the starry stillnesses of night;
The stream, inaudible, that swiftly flows
Beneath its barrier of ice and snows;
The silence of the pines upon the height;
I know no radiant vision of delight
Will greet my eyes like morn's ethereal rose;
No sheen of green to deck the garden-close,
Only the sweeping vastitudes of white.

Yet what though on the bough no leaflets stir,
What though I hear no burden of the bee,
What though no choir of lyric birds confer,
These solaces the season brings to me,—
The consolation of the things that were,
The consolation of the days to be!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

"The curious thing in this world is not the stupidity, but the upper-handism of the stupidity. The geese are in the Capitol, and the Romans in the farmyard —and it seems all quite natural that it should be so, both to geese and Romans."—*Elizabeth Barrett* (*to R. B.*, 1845).

THE STUDY TABLE

Four New Novels

We hear a good deal these days about "The Big Four"—the four big books of recent date.

"Main Street"—and! Then follow three others, but, although they may change, "Main Street," like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest.

"Main Street" is a big book. It is so fearsomely true to life that they who once lived—or are still living—in Gopher Prairie feel the sting of the truth. The fact is that Main Street is a state of mind: we run across it, and run against it, everywhere. It is a condition most deadly to progress and achievement—it is smugness!

Concentrated in a small town it becomes the thing that kills the Carol Kennicotts of the world.

We find people bringing all sorts of accusations against the book—all of which, we think, proves the artistic strength of the work.

It is too long; it has far too much repetition! Why! Smugness is always too long; and it was the repetition of the dreary smugness that killed the hope and inspiration of poor little Mrs. Kennicott. Mr. Lewis had to hammer the truth in until it gripped; when he gets his audience squirming—he has done what he set out to do.

The people who have escaped—really escaped—from Main Street chuckle with delight over the book; people who have never withered from the blight, consider the story a corking good one; but to those still droning contentedly along in its dull precincts, the book takes on all the bruising qualities of a well-directed brick.

Carol Kennicott was an unformed and ignorant girl; had she been anything else the point would have been lost. She married for a wider life; she was ready "to grow up with the town"—both she and the town needed growth—the difference lay in this—she knew it and the town did not.

Before her marriage to Dr. Kennicott, this young girl passed her days in a library where, undoubtedly, she absorbed ideals that led her to say and feel that she was not visibly affecting lives. She had yet to learn that the world, generally speaking, does not want to be affected.

She married, as most girls do—because she was in love with the idea of love and because the primal forces were urging her toward self-expression and growth. Had she been born fifty years ago she would have sunk her identity in that of the plain, good man who married her for reasons that were fifty years old, at least, and become part of the town life which had for its maddest diversion the ideals of social intercourse that flowed through the club known as "The Jolly Seventeen."

What did those people care for beauty that they had not already expressed? Shapes of houses; color of houses; higher education? every attempt to attack established conditions was a reflection on their results and their smugness. Of course, there was but one outcome. Carol for a time kept on having growing pains that hurt no one but herself.

She utilized even "The Jolly Seventeen" for her energy, and made of it, for a moment, a veritable boomerang. She jogged the smugness with its own

plaything. Then she reached out with her pitiful yearning for friends; people who would understand. She got some results here in a young school teacher who not only understood her but understood conditions; knew them too well to butt her head against them. She meant to succeed where Carol was doomed to fail.

Dr. Kennicott was a big man doing his plain duty in his narrow circle—but smugness had "got" him. In that lay the tragedy of the book. Could he have been torn from that by sorrow, pain, or even a *doubt*—he might have won the eternal gratitude of the woman who was able to see the hidden man in him and long for it.

Kennicott failed through his strength, not his weakness. Poor Carol ran the gamut. She had her smuggy little fling with other men; she was saved from the worst by her husband who really came out strong in that part of the book; she went away and tested her puny wits in an environment for which she was not trained but which taught her to know the power latent in her and undoubtedly made it possible for her to go back "with her shield"—not on it.

She went back; she found everything as she had left it—of course! Her husband was the same; the house was the same—but she was not.

"I may not have fought the good fight," she says, "but I have kept the faith." And then comes what seems the real vision in the book; it flashes upon one, revealing the meaning with a light calculated to blind, or glorify. Standing with Kennicott by the crib of their little daughter, Carol voiced the world's hope.

"Do you see that object on the pillow? Do you know what it is? It is a bomb to blow up your smugness."

Of course, Kennicott did not know what "It" was; he thought it was a baby. Carol went on—poor girl she always went on! "If you were wise you would not arrest anarchists, you'd arrest all these children while they are asleep in their cribs"—somehow this throws a new and suggestive light on the far-sightedness of Herod: "This baby may see an industrial union of the whole world."

To this Kennicott, that good husband, that good father, replied: "Yump; probably there'll be changes all right," and he—"yawned."

So much for Main Street—it should be read whether one likes it or not. The chances are that if one does not like it, he needs it for his soul's good.

"The Moon Calf," "Zell" and "Poor White" are mentioned as worthy of falling in line after "Main Street," but to many they would be like the boats in that memorable race in England when America took the cup.

"Who comes next?" was asked.

"There are no others yet in sight, sir."

"The Moon Calf" portrays a not very interesting boy ambling along and getting nowhere except on the road to Chicago—we are glad it was not New York. His love affairs were colorless and indeed the story has the mark of the commonplace and leaves the reader in the same state of mind as the "hired man" in a play, now running in New York, who cries: "What's all the shooting about?"

With "Zell" a different note sounds.

The author, Henry G. Aikman, has a well defined idea in mind, and he never permits the reader to lose sight of it. During the sordid childhood of Avery Zell, we trace not only the mysticism that marked the Moon Calf, but we see where it is leading. Among the home troubles, shrinking from the ugliness of the constant brawls of a dissipated father and an unlovely, weak mother, this boy still was able to find the world beautiful. He found something to love—and it was surely there—in father, mother and sister. One knows at the start that a nature that could so early discern the divine in man, had a mission.

We rather like books that begin with the childhood of its characters; we like to be taken into the author's confidence; we are ready to excuse much and comprehend more, if we follow the trails with him.

With Avery Zell we are tolerant. Tolerant as we are with our own offspring when we reflect upon what went into their making.

Humanly, Avery Zell stumbles on, falls and picks himself up, but always the mark of his childhood is upon him. The disgrace of all that he suffered did not harden him; it made him wise and tender.

This is a book which, like "Main Street," should be read. In this day of self-expression, which may so easily lead one to blind alleys, there is a wholesome lesson in Zell's refusing to take the "chance" he had never had, because if he did it would bring to his young son much of the sorrow through which Zell, himsel, had passed. Standing at the cross roads of his life he considers his little son and says:

"I should never have felt this way about him if I had gone."

The boy seemed a reincarnation of himself; his victories were his father's victories. "Through his boy he might come to know the enchantment of a vicarious self-expression."

"His lips took on the sadness of resignation."

"But he felt strangely at peace; well-nigh reconciled."

If the books mentioned have a right to parade with "Main Street" at all, we would like to see "Zell" carrying the cords of the banner.

All these four books—we are coming now to "Poor White"—have the setting in the Middle West, and we do not think the Middle West typically American; it is too much diluted with imported seasoning, and if these books are read by our friends across the water, and are taken as pictures of American life—we object!

"Poor White" again, begins with a young boy—Hugh McVey. His father was a drunkard and a blot on the story. The boy himself would have followed in his footsteps but for a women who, from the depths of her own disappointment, reached up to him and taught him to struggle.

There is some good writing displayed in this struggle against a slothfulness that is more typical of the South than of the Middle West. When McVey can do nothing else he keeps walking to avoid going to sleep. McVey is an inventor—a successful one—in spite of the fact that he is a visionary and one never shaking off his inheritance of "poor white." There is much about business in the book; a little about love; something of aspiration, but very little inspiration. One pities the girl McVey marries—it must have been like marrying an Idea. An idea that the woman herself would have to develop.

HARRIETT T. COMSTOCK.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

The following letter has just come to us from China. It describes a situation and states a need which should be of the greatest interest to religious liberals everywhere, especially to readers of UNITY. This letter confirms information which comes from other sources to the effect that the most reactionary orthodox influences are gaining strength among Christian missions in China. We have even heard that premillennialite doctrines are sweeping many of the mission stations like a pestilence. This constitutes a challenge to liberal Christians which should not pass unanswered. Any readers of UNITY who may care to have further details about this letter and who may care to contribute themselves or for their churches to this work should communicate with Mr. Holmes who will be glad to provide, for this purpose, names and addresses.—EDITORS.

February 19, 1921.

Dear Sir:

It has occurred to us that you and your friends might be interested in the educational situation here in the heart of old China. Your recent article suggested that you had faith in the permanency of the Chinese people when western nations have possibly gone down grappling to their doom. We came here last year to help for a limited time in the government schools. But the school work has been seriously broken into, first by teachers' strikes because of several months arrears in their salaries, the money which should have gone for that purpose having been drained away into military expenditure and official graft. Next the students in their attempt to enforce the Japanese boycott, clashed with corrupt authorities, and after the students of some of the schools had been attacked by soldiers, the schools were closed December 1st. Stated briefly, this means that our students have been cheated entirely out of two months work plus the long interruptions occasioned by the strikes which amount to another month. Schools should begin at the end of the Chinese New Year, or about the first of March, but it is very doubtful if this can take place until the difficulties between the military authorities and the offended students are settled.

In the school in which we are most interested, which prepared students for foreign study, our students were not involved in the disturbances, but they expect to declare a sympathetic strike if the students of the other schools who were involved are further persecuted. We have room for two hundred students here, although about one thousand boys took the last competitive examination which admits to the school. Chinese boys are eager for an education, but the opportunities before them are very meagre, and the prospects of our boys going abroad for study are not bright when funds that should be used for education are being diverted to other uses.

What we are getting at is this. We see missionaries here representing orthodox churches and expending large sums of money, and not always to the advantage of the people. Could not the liberal churches contribute something towards Chinese education by offering scholarships in America to bring non-Christian Chinese boys? At this school, which has the reputation of being the best in the province, we have the select minds of the province, the most promising representatives of young China. They are working in the hope of government aid in the form of scholarships, which, as we have already said, is not assured under present conditions. Is it possible that liberal thinkers in America might contribute towards such scholarships? The peace and safety of mankind will ultimately depend upon the two most populous and peaceable nations of the world—China and India. Is it not worth while for Americans to enter into relations of intimate and friendly co-operation with the inheritors of a great civilization and a great tradition of peace?

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

To President Warren G. Harding:

In behalf of the Association to Abolish War, we respectfully submit that the outcome of the great war has in no way justified the entrance of our nation upon it. No principle has been settled or strengthened that was not recognized before the war. Terrible and world-wide suffering still continues. At the same time we see no relief from the vast war establishments, the existence and sinister growth of which had no small part in provoking the war.

We therefore earnestly beg you to take the necessary steps first, to agree with the other nations, whether with or without some form of League of Nations, to settle all differences that call for cool and impartial adjudication by the appeal to a suitable International Court, leaving the decrees of the Court to be enforced, as in the case of our own Supreme Court, without the threat of war, by the honor and public opinion of the nations concerned; and secondly, we urge you to lead our government in doing that which we all wish every other government to do, namely, to use and to trust these friendly, reasonable and judicial methods and, as you have yourself aptly said, to "outlaw" the oppressive armaments which, we argue, are a standing shame to every profession of religion, democracy, or civilization.

CHARLES F. DOLE, *President of "The Association to Abolish War."*
Boston, Mass., April 9, 1921.

LINCOLN CENTRE LITTLE THEATRE.

The next Little Theatre program, May 7, at 8 p. m., will be an Irish night. The adult group will present Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon" and Lord Dunsany's "A Night in an Inn." The children's group will present an Irish pantomime, entitled "Cap o' Green," and a Spring Dance on the Irish Moor. Mr. James Wall will sing Irish Songs. The public is cordially invited to watch this movement in dramatics. Admission, 25c.

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"The Ways of the Gods" is passing to its second printing.

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